

Now Every Burn Hole Smells Like Home by culture_forbids

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Abuse, Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Angst, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Eventual Smut, Fluff, Gay, Gay Billy Hargrove, M/M, Post-Season/Series 02, Slow Burn, This is low-key a mess but like you know, billy and max are actually going to like eachother I swear, this is my first stranger things fic so be kind to me please

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Mrs. Harrington (Stranger Things), Nancy Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Susan Hargrove, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Billy doesn't remember the night he beat up Steve, but he does remember the night he helped him home after a long party.

Steve does remember getting clobbered by Billy, but he also remembers waking up in Billy's room, a cup of tea on the end table and Billy looking at him nervously from across the room.

(a slow burn harringrove fic about two dorks slowly become friends and something more)

(inspired by Edward 40hands by Mom Jeans.)

-- updates every other sunday --

1. Chapter 1

Billy rounded the corner, breathing in the late June air. His combat boots smacked heavily against the pavement under toe, as he made his way up to a huge white house which was blasting shitty pop music.

He ran his fingers through his blonde curls and sighed.

This was gonna be a shit party, he already knew it, but he needed to snag some booze after his dad had roughed him up for finding his liquor stash in the garage.

Just as he was pushing open the heavy wrought-iron fence a pair of bozos drunkenly raced past him and up the stone path to the door.

“Watch where you’re fucking going shitheads!” He shouted at the losers. They disappeared into the house and Billy rolled his eyes.

He walked up the stone path, and through the huge white doors into a completely trashed foyer. All the kids from his school were littered around, making out or chugging something. The end of school party was big shit here in Hawkins apparently. Back in California he’d have his choice of at least twenty parties most weekends, but here in Shitsville he had to take what he could get.

“Hey Billy!” Some girl, he vaguely knew from History, called to him. He raised a hand in response and kept walking. He decided it was too loud in the house and he didn’t really feel like being around his stoned classmates, so he took to the stairs. He found an open room and walked into it, noticing the window was wide open, leading out to the roof.

Jackpot, he thought to himself as he sauntered over and put his leg through the frame, hoisting himself out onto the shittily tiled roof. He pulled the rest of himself out of the room and into the warm night. His eyes scanned the flat roof and noticed a couple sitting far away gazing into eachothers eyes, real sappy like. He also noticed a male figure, sitting on the edge, legs swaying off in the inky night.

Billy walked over to the guy and plopped down next to him.

"You got any smokes?" He asked, looking over and hoping to get a better look at the guy. The dude turned to face him and Billy almost fell off the roof in surprise.

It was Steve. Fucking. Harrington. The kid he had whaled on at the beginning of the year.

"No dude, what the fuck, get your own shit," Steve grumbled, looking away from Billy and back out at the losers playing an impromptu game of kan jam in the backyard below them.

Billy held up his hands in defense and made a noise of resignation.

"Geez, a polite no thank you could've worked too," He replied, feeling surly.

"Fuck you, Hargrove," Steve grumbled, placing his hands on either side of him, his knuckles turning white as he gripped the roof's edge.

"Okay Harrington, if you're gonna be like that, I'll leave you be," Billy sighed. He went to stand up when Steve grumbled and fished his hand around in his pocket.

"I'm not really in a position to turn down company I guess," Steve said with remorse. Billy noticed his words came out a little slurred and forced like he was really thinking about it. He must've been hitting the booze fairly hard before stumbling up to the roof. Billy smirked and sat back down.

"Oh, and here's that smoke," Steve mumbled, passing Billy a single Marlboro.

"Thanks Steve-o," Billy said, leaning back slightly and putting the cigarette between his lips, letting it dangle precariously. He dug around in his jean jacket pocket and pulled out a small silver lighter. He lit his cigarette and took a drag, feeling the smoke coil up in his lungs.

"Hey! Where'd you get that!?" Steve asked, lurching towards Billy's lighter. Billy coiled back, making Harrington fall into his lap sloppily.

"My lighter? I found it outside school! What the fuck?!" He demanded.

"That, uh, looked like mine," Steve grumbled, looking up at Billy with big, brown puppy eyes.

"Sorry Harrington, I doubt it," Billy replied, cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth. "Do ya mind gettin the fuck off me?"

"Eh oof, sorry Billy," Harrington said groggily. He tried to sit back up but got halfway and flopped back down in Billy's lap. Billy looked around in confusion, but there was no one left on the roof to help him. Apparently the couple had took off, leaving him and Steve alone in the darkness.

"Too sleepy," Steve said.

"Come on Harrington, cut it out, people are gonna think we're a coupla queers."

"Billy... Billy... I'mso... uh... dizzy."

"Don't you dare throw up on me pretty boy."

"Don't worry, I'm not gonna barf on you, you'd kill me!" Steve cried dramatically. Billy laughed inwardly to himself, this was pathetic. King Steve, the tough guy who had tried to knock Billy out this year, was curled up in his lap like a damn sad, drunk puppy. Billy had to admit it was a little cute... he wasn't no fag though.

"Well I know you love babysitting your kiddy club, but I ain't a part of the Babysitters Club, Harrington," Billy said.

"Take me home?" Steve asked.

"What part what I just said didn't you hear?" Billy asked, getting a little pissed at this prick now.

"Fine, I'll walk home. In the cold. All Alone," He grumbled sitting back up. Billy rolled his eyes.

"Harrington, it's 85 degrees out and only midnight."

"Fine," Steve grumbled. "Fuck you, Hargrove," He slurred, standing up shakily, and then he lurched towards the ledge and Billy shot up and grabbed his shoulders, steadying him.

"How'd you even manage to get out here so plastered?" Billy asked in confusion, still holding onto Steve's shoulders.

"Good question," Steve grumbled, leaning heavily into Billy's firm grip. "I don't think... I was this drunk earlier." Steve nodded his head over to where he was sitting and Billy noticed a mostly empty bottle of liquor and rolled his eyes.

"Harrington, weren't you taught not to drink and climb on strangers' roofs before?" Billy teased. Steve let out a grunt of a laugh.

"I can handle myself Billy," Steve grumbled, wiggling out of Billy's grip. He took a stumbling step away from Billy and then waved and stumbled his way, swaying in a zigzag pattern, over to the window. Billy followed closely behind.

As much as Harrington annoyed the fuck out of him, he didn't want to be responsible for the kid falling off the roof and splattering in some random kids yard.

Steve struggled to get himself through the window, and Billy just stood back and watched, slowly smoking his almost gone Marlboro, and admiring watching Steve squirm through the window.

He followed Steve through the window, and down into the foyer.

"Stop following me, creep," Steve slurred, still barely walking in a straight line towards the door. Billy was torn between following him and staying. He hadn't even gotten a little buzzed and he wasn't sure when another party would happen around here.

On the other hand, he couldn't really leave Harrington to stumble home and get hit by some fellow drunk teenager.

Billy sighed inwardly, fuck his guilty conscious for making him do this. Walking Steve home was the least he could do after he apparently beat him up this year. To be honest, he didn't remember anything really from that night, except waking up alone in the Byers

house with a killer headache and ripped up knuckles.

Max had informed him the next day though that he “attacked Steve and Lucas”, and he was a “horrible person”. Billy figured she was exaggerating until he saw Harrington the next day, looking like a hot mess.

Whatever Max had done to him had knocked him out cold somehow and fucked him up real good.

A sudden squawk from Steve who couldn’t figure out how to open the gate brought Billy out of his stupor.

He walked over to Steve, his hands buried in his pockets. He had dropped the Marlboro stub somewhere upstairs, and his hands now had nothing to do.

Steve was violently shaking the fence back and forth, even though it was locked, and Billy let out a sharp laugh into the night.

“You moron, here,” He chastised, reaching around Steve and flicking up the lock. Steve pushed through the gate and almost toppled over when it continued moving forward without him. Billy caught him by the arm though and steadied him.

“I thought you said you wouldn’t drive me,” Steve muttered, looking like a hurt puppy again. Billy rolled his eyes and let go of Steve. He clutched his chest and sighed dreamily.

“I had a change of heart Harrington, I just can’t say no to you,” He said mockingly. Steve looked genuinely touched by this and gave Billy a smile.

“Thanks, Bill!” He chirped flinging his arms around his shoulders and pulling him into a sloppy hug. Billy stiffened up under his embrace, but despite his hard outer shell he didn’t mind Steve’s soft hair on his shoulder and warm arms around his neck.

“Stop it, shithead,” Billy grumbled and pushed Steve off him. “Come on,” Billy said, leading Steve around the corner to his beat up Camaro.

He opened the passenger door for him and Steve stumbled in, slouching down immediately in his seat.

Billy slammed the door shut and tried to calm his nerves, this is not what he had planned by going to this party.

Billy was tough and he did not screw around with pretty boys like Steve. He came to this party to get wasted and forgot about what a douchebag he was, not to end up feeling like shit and helping a damn stupid kid he beat up get home safely.

Since when did he care about Steve Harrington's well being?

Pushing his thoughts down, he hopped into the driver's seat and started up his car.

"Which way to the Harrington Estate?" Billy asked Steve, but Steve was sound asleep in Billy's passenger seat.

"Well, fuck," Billy said.

2. chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

hi dudes! it's technically still sunday as i'm writing this so i'm good :p i hope you guys enjoy this chapter and thank you for all the kudos and comments i've recieved! ily nerds!

Billy tried not to panic as he reached his hand over and swatted Steve's arm.

Nothing.

Billy took a deep breath, and whacked Steve even harder, trying to get him to wake up.

"Harrington!" He yelled, but Steve just sniffled and lolled his head to the side, "Fuck."

Billy leaned away from Steve and sat back in his seat, running his hands through his hair anxiously. He guessed he could leave Steve here, or maybe try to find his house, but Billy had no goddamn idea where anything in this town was, nonetheless Steve Harrington's house. He was sure as shit that if he brought Steve back to his house his dad would skin him alive. He was really fucked.

Suddenly it dawned on him that his dad was leaving in the morning for a business trip, so theoretically he could sneak Steve in and, as long as he stayed vigilant, he could avoid his dad losing his shit.

It was risky, but it sure as hell beat driving around for a couple hours knocking on random houses with a passed out Harrington in his arms, looking for his folks.

Billy whacked Steve once more in a last ditch effort to wake him up, but he didn't budge.

Billy rolled his eyes and looked ahead, pressing his foot on the gas and taking off down the suburban streets.

During the drive, he kept looking over at Steve for signs of him waking up anytime soon, but sadly nothing happened. His gaze may have lingered too long, but it's not like anyone was around to see.

Billy reached out and spun the dial on the radio to 97.7, the classic rock station, and immediately Aerosmith blared out of the speakers.

"Fuck! Shit!" He whisper-yelled and quickly shut off the player. He looked over at Steve who had flinched slightly but was still down for the count. He let out a sigh of relief as he turned out onto the long winding road that led to his house.

His dad had picked a house a couple minutes out of Hawkins, basically in the middle of nowhere, which just added to his sheer joy of living there. It constantly smelled like cow shit, even over the scent of his cologne and excessive smoke that he tried to surround himself with. Billy rolled down his window and hung his arm out of it.

The cool breeze ran across his arm and rushing through the window and whipping his hair back. He closed his eyes for a brief moment, letting the wind ripple across his chest and across his face, taking all his worries with it. He opened his eyes after a moment and looked over at Steve who was still gently sleeping.

Billy turned into his long gravel driveway. Neil's car was parked under the lone light by the garage, casting it with an eerie glow. Billy pulled in next to it and flicked the ignition off. He looked up at the crumbling farmhouse in front of him and thankfully saw no lights on.

Swinging the car door open, he stepped out, his combat boots crunching on the gravel underfoot. He gently shut the door, in hopes of not waking up Steve and walked around the front of the car, tracing his fingers across the hood. He reached Steve's door and slowly opened it to see him slumped over and snoring soundly.

He brushed back Steve's hair from his forehead and gazed at his face, before quickly looking away in shame.

He leaned into the car and wrapped his muscular arms around Steve. Pulling back he lifted Steve out of the car and up into his arms, bridal style.

Billy slammed the door shut with his foot and spun, steadily making his way to his front door. Billy was granted very muscular and lifted a lot, but Steve arguably weighed as much as a feather. Somewhere in Billy, this scared him, he sure as fuck didn't like Harrington, but he was curious how King Steve ended up alone at a party, stick thin, and pale as a ghost. Something seemed off, but Billy was too preoccupied with trying to open the door without hands at the moment to worry about it.

The door swung open, creaking on its hinges, and Billy mentally scolded himself. If his pops woke up and saw him walking into the house at midnight with a drunk boy in his arms, Billy wouldn't be around the next day.

Billy slowly climbed up the steps in the pitch black darkness that was enveloping his house. He reached the landing, where he took a sharp left and walked into his room.

Steve let out a little snuffle as Billy jostled him slightly so he could close his door, and Billy looked down nervously.

He was still sound asleep. Good.

Making his way over to his bed, Billy cradled Steve against his chest, the aroma of booze and Marlboros filling his chest. Billy softly laid Steve down on his shitty twin sized mattress.

Neal had bought it for him from a thrift store when they moved here, and Billy had been too busy spending his work money on food for him and Max to buy himself a bed that didn't stab him in the back nightly. Whatever though, it was fine.

"Mmm... Nance?" Steve mumbled, rolling over in Billy's bed, grabbing and wrapping himself in some of the blankets on Billy's bed as he did so.

"Nope, sorry bud," Billy replied, feeling like a major fucking creep.

Suddenly the situation hit Billy like a truck. He had Steve. Fucking. Harrington. Drunk and asleep in his bed. Billy may have dreamt this scenario before somewhere in the deep, fucked up, recesses of his

brain, but he never thought of bringing it to fruition.

Billy was deeply, royally, cosmically, fucked.

What the fuck was he gonna tell Steve when he woke up?

“Um, hey man! Sorry, I found you drunk, and you passed out in my car, so I just kidnapped you? Hope you don’t mind!”

That sure as fuck wasn’t gonna work.

Billy let out a sigh and let himself slouch down onto his musty carpet and drop his head into his hands.

Billy knew he was a fucking asshole, and a prick, but at least people didn’t fuckin mess with him. If anyone found out what a fuckin queer-ass freak he was, he’d go from the top of the food chain to spending his Friday nights at the Wheelers playing D&D with Max and her creepy friends.

His gaze shifted towards his window, where he peered out at the star dashed sky.

This night had not panned out as he thought it would but he wasn’t complaining. He needed some spice in his life sometimes, and maybe Steve would wake up and lose his shit but at the moment Billy was too tired to care.

He took a deep breath and stood up, trying to be as quiet as possible. He spun around and pulled open his closet and grabbed an old blanket and pillow out so he could set up camp on the ground.

He shut the door and padded over near his bed so he could sleep near Steve, but not close enough so that he would make Steve feel trapped if he woke up.

Billy crouched down, situating his pillow in a suitable area and lied down. He realized he was still wearing his clothes from today but his only pair of pajamas were under his pillow which Steve currently sleeping on.

Billy rolled his eyes and turned so he was facing the guy, and pulled the blanket up to his chin and clenched his eyes shut.

Fuck everything. This wasn't gonna work out well for Billy.

Steve woke up with a jolt, unfamiliar sheets tangled around him, and the smell of foreign cologne greeted him. He rubbed his eyes with the butt of his hands and sat up, leaning against the wall and looking around the room.

He was disconcerted when he finally came to his senses and realized this was not his room. Panic filled him as he shoved the sheets off him and swung his legs off the bed.

This wasn't even one of his friend's rooms, nor even a girl's room, where he might've been whisked off to in a drunken haze.

He went to stand and looked down and yelped in surprise.

Billy. Fucking. Hargrove was laid spread eagle on the floor with a single blanket tangled around his feet, and his perfectly maintained blonde mane, in a mess around his head, like a corona of sunlight.

Steve had no idea what to think, had he... done something... with Billy or did Billy abduct him, or fuck... Steve had no clue what could've happened. He still had bruises from the fuck fading on his chest.

Without thinking, he gently kicked Billy, trying to make sure he wasn't dead. Billy stirred and blinked rapidly taking in Harrington standing above him, looking like an absolute mess.

"Harrington?" Billy asked, the night's events suddenly flooding back to him like a wave.

"Yea, what the fuck is going on?" Steve asked, looking down at Billy incredulously.

"Shit, you fuckin got wasted at that party last night and practically fucking begged me to give you a lift home, but you fuckin fell asleep before you could give me directions so I was like 'I can't leave this shithead alone on the streets,' so I brought you here," Billy sputtered out, making lots of hand gestures and looking upset.

"Well shit," Steve replied, running his hand through his hair and

looking anxiously out the window, “Sorry about all that, thanks for uh... keeping me safe I guess.”

“No problem Harrington, next time though make sure you’ve got a ride home before you get wasted on someone’s roof,” Billy retorted, standing up so he was level with Steve.

Steve snorted and placed his hands on his hips.

“You’ve got my word chief,” Steve sighed.

“Here, want me to take you home?” Billy asked, suddenly feeling very awkward.

“Um yea, you can just drop me off at Derricks I guess,” Steve said.

“Who the fuck is Derrick?”

“The kids who party we were both at last night...”

“No shit, okay then, come on,” Billy mumbled motioning for Steve to follow him out of the room and down the hall.

Neil had left early that morning, and Max had already ran off to meet her lame friends at the arcade so Billy didn’t have anxiety coursing through his veins as he lead Steve down his steps, and to his front door. He had no idea where Susan was but she wouldn’t tell Neil anything, or probably even care what the fuck Billy did.

They both silently slide on their shoes, converse for Steve and boots for Billy, and wordlessly walked outside to Billy’s Camaro.

“Are you doing anything today?” Steve asked nervously as he hopped in Billy’s passenger seat.

“No, why?”

“Well, I feel like I should pay you back for taking me somewhere safe for the night, I wasn’t in my right mind last night,” Steve said into his lap, refusing to meet Billy’s eyes.

Billy snorted as he started his car, and slung his arm back so he could

look out the back window.

“Don’t worry about it, apparently I did you in pretty badly the other night, so we’re even now,” Billy said.

The gears in Steve’s head whirled. Why had Billy said apparently, he seemed pretty with it when he had bashed Steve’s nose in.

“What do you mean apparently?”

Billy turned his head to look at Steve as they pulled up to a stop sign.

“Max fucking drugged my up somehow and I honestly don’t remember anything that happened,” Billy said, looking out the window and biting his lip for a moment. Fuck, he really didn’t want to apologize to Harrington but he felt it was necessary to clear any beef the two had, so he didn’t have to worry about Steve jumping him sometime in vengeance. “I’m sorry though for whatever I did, I had had a shit run-in with my pops before, and he basically said if I didn’t bring Max home my ass was grass so...”

“Oh, thanks for the apology,” Steve muttered, suddenly feeling beyond awkward. He was sitting in Billy Hargrove’s car, after he had let him sleep in his bed because he was too plastered to walk home, and they were having an actual, sort of, heart to heart. Shit was fucked man.

“No problem,” Billy said, before he flicked on the radio and leaned back in his seat.

When they reached the so-called Derricks house, Billy rolled to a stop and looked over at Steve.

“Will you be okay finding your car or should I stick around in case you need me to save your ass again?” Billy asked, a playful bite in his voice.

Steve rolled his eyes, “No, I’ll be fine. Thanks for the lift though, I appreciate it.”

“Sure thing Harrington, we should do it again sometime, you looked right at home in my bed,” Billy said, barking out a laugh as he tilted

his head back and squinted his eyes shut. Steve's faced flushed.

"Stop being a dick!" He mumbled, shoving open his door and stumbling out.

"Catch ya later Harrington," Billy said before he tore off down the street, wiping his sweaty palms on his jeans.

What had Billy gotten himself into?

Notes for the Chapter:

idk where i'm going with this so please leave some ideas/suggestions for what you want to happen next in the comments below! no idea is a bad idea ;)

please leave kudos/comments/bookmarks! ty! it really helps me out :^)

Author's Note:

Hey thanks for checking this out dudes! Please leave suggestions for what you want to happen next in the comments and my 2018 resolution is to update this fic every other sunday! get excited everyone!

-- please leave kudos/comments/bookmark --